

ryphal heads which one sometimes meets with upon an old-fashioned tomb-stone, with flat noses, big mouths and wings growing where their ears should be. But Myneer was no tomb-stone ornament; he had the slightest inclination to becoming the subject of one. So, as soon as he had a little recovered from the surprise of his immersion, he essayed to call for assistance. But as he opened his mouth to let his voice out, a quantity of muddy water took the liberty to let itself in. Here he began to make wry faces, shake his head, and to beat the water with his arms, in a manner which added very much to the delight of some half dozen ragged boys and lazy porters, who stood grinning and clapping their hands at his struggles on the opposite side of the canal.

The unlucky merchant had nearly exhausted himself in vain struggles, and was sinking deeper and deeper in the mud every instant, when a youth, apparently a foreigner, with eagle eyes and hair like the wing of a raven, happened to pass, and saw his situation.

"Can I do anything for your assistance, friend?" he inquired kindly.

The luckless merchant made one more desperate effort to speak; but lost his footing, and his head suddenly disappeared beneath the turbid water. The youth flung his vest upon the ground, pulled out his pocket watch, and plunged into the canal. He soon succeeded in fishing up the unfortunate merchant, and supporting his head above the water, called out lustily for assistance. This was soon rendered, and Myneer Schuyler was safely conveyed to his warehouse.

A servant was despatched for dry clothes and a new wig, and Myneer Schuyler lay upon the sofa in his counting-room in his dripping garments, completely exhausted by his cold bath, when the foreign youth who saw that he could be of no further service, was about to retire. The merchant observed the movement, looked at his watch, and recognized his daughter's music-master; the very man whom half an hour before he had resolved to kick from his door steps, but he ever presumes to ascend them again. The youth stood very quietly with his cap in his hand, while the old man's face changed from a look of astonishment to a haughty frown, which, after a moment, gave place to an expression of warm-hearted gratitude, such as a kind man would feel toward one who had saved his life.

"Young man," he said, grasping the hand of the youth, "this day shall be a fortunate one for you, as well as for me; I pledge you the word of a grateful and an honest man."

The youth bowed, and muttering something about an engagement, hurried from the warehouse. Meantime, Katrina had proceeded to a fountain in the garden, where, as the season was summer, and the weather pleasant, she had been in the habit of receiving her music lessons. A rustic maid stood at the foot of a drooping elm which shadowed the green-sward around the fountain, and a thicket of roses rendered the retreat fragrant upon the breeze. Katrina looked upon the vacant bench and then upon the sun. It was full time, and yet no master had arrived. She busied herself in gathering the roses and scattering their leaves, and half open buds, upon the water in the fountain; then, tiring of this, she seated herself on the brink of the marble basin and began to dip up the water in her little palm and to shower it on the flowers blushing about her. At length, heartily impatient and half pouting, she flung her guitar on the grass and scurried away into a more secluded part of the garden, where, for the first time in her life, she began to reflect, seriously, about the future. She was standing with her hands clasped under her apron of wrought muslin, and her sweet, oval face turned away with an expression of more serious thought than usually visited her beautiful features, when the music of a guitar came tinkling, with a sweet merry sound, through the rosebushes which surrounded her. A smile broke over her face, like the flash of warm sunshine; her hands unclasped and she darted forward with the graceful eagerness of an unweaned bird. The youth, whom we have already introduced to the reader, was sitting beneath the elm with the guitar in his hands.

"And so my lady-bird has learned to come of her master's call?" he said with a quiet smile, as the painting girl placed herself on the bench beside him.

"And for a very good reason, because she never expects to obey it again," replied Kate, striving to look sullen, and obeying a sudden impulse to make her lover miserable for having kept her waiting.

The youth looked in her face, where a smile was struggling with affected gravity, and said, with undisturbed tranquillity, "Well, my pretty term, what next quarrel have you with me now; was my last visit too short, or my lesson too long?"

Kate shook her head very demurely, and tried her best to look solemn and important. "You will not speak so lightly when I tell you my father has received a letter from the English lord, whom I have told you of, and that he is on his way to carry me to England." While she was conveying this startling intelligence, the mischievous girl stole a glance, from under her long lashes, to mark its effect upon her lover. A slight color spread up to his high, white forehead, and a very peculiar smile disturbed the repose of his expressive lips; otherwise his composure remained undisturbed.

Katrina was puzzled and more than half angry. "I will make him feel," she said in the bottom of her roguish little heart; so she looked as resolute as possible and went on—Yes, my father is determined that I shall fulfill the engagement which he has made for me, and I think that I shall obey him."

"That is right, my sweet Kate! It is a daughter's first duty to make her parents happy; and after all, what is there so very terrible in being married to a rich, well principled man, whom your father has chosen with a reference to your own exaltation and happiness?"

At her lover's interruption, Katrina started and raised her eyes to his with an expression of astonishment, which deepened as she spoke into absolute dismay.

"Are you serious?" she inquired, in a tremulous voice.

"Perfectly so—for notwithstanding all the pleasant nonsense which we have talked together, you cannot suppose that I, a wanderer, without country or name, would dream of forming an engagement—cause you to break the heart of a good father, and expose you to all the ills of poverty and repentance, for repentance would follow! Or, to reverse the picture, that I should content myself as the hanger-on of your father's bounty, and become a pensioner on my wife's fortune. In neither case could we be happy; nor could I be just in uniting your fate with mine."

Katrina turned her head away, and anguish was, for the first time, busy with her heart. It was more than a minute before she spoke; then her voice was cold and constrained, and the smile which she strove to force died away in a tremulous motion of the lips. "We have forgotten our lesson—hold the music for me, if you please." And taking her guitar she went over the lesson with a calmness that surprised herself. But she did not sing; that had been beyond her power. When she had finished, she arose, and said, "I think you pronounce me a tolerable proficient on this instrument; call at my father's counting-room and he will reward your services. I shall not require them in future." And with a slight inclination of the head she turned to leave the fountain.

The youth followed and laid his hand on her's. "Katrina," he said, "forgive me if I appear unfeeling, if—but she shook her hand off, and, with a haughtiness of spirit, for the first time called into action swept by him and entered the house."

Katrina found her father in the sitting-room; his heart was overflowing with kindness and gratitude. "Come hither child, and kiss me, for I have determined to make thee happy, happy in the own way," he cried, opening his arms to embrace his daughter. Kate threw herself on his bosom and burst into a passion of tears; and when the old merchant went on to tell her of the peril he had been in, and of the generous conduct of the foreign youth, the poor girl only wept more bitterly than before.

"Don't weep, Kate," said the old man kindly, "I will have no more to do with this foreign marriage; thou shalt wed the youth to-morrow, if thou wilt."

"No, no father, I will not—I wish to marry Lord Gilbert and make you happy."

"Then, after all, thou wert only jesting this morning, and I, like an old fool, got angry about a shadow."

"Yes, father, it was all a jest—a very, very unfeeling one; yet still but a jest! and Kate's tears redoubled as she spoke."

"Well, then, I will send off my answer to Lord Gilbert, and a thousand good-byes to the good youth."

"Send him two thousand—half your fortune!" He is poor, and proud and—here Kate began to cry again, and sobbing out something about a head-ache she left the room.

Early the next morning Myneer Schuyler sent a purse of gold, with a letter of thanks, to the music-master, but the servant returned with word that the youth had discharged his lodgings and had left Amsterdam.

The preparations for Katrina's bridal were commenced on a magnificent scale. She was to be married in the English fashion; bridesmaids were chosen and the trousseau was ordered from Paris. At length Lord Gilbert arrived. Katrina declined seeing him till they should meet at the altar; but the merchant visited him at his hotel and returned home absolutely beside himself with delight.

The wedding morning brought a pretty, three-cornered note from the bride-groom, with a case of diamonds, such as had seldom blazed on the brow of a Dutchess. The bridesmaids were in ecstasies, and even Katrina's pale face brightened a little when she saw them sparkling among the soft, bright tresses and felt them upon her white arms and neck. She was sitting in her dress of white satin and mechina lace, with the jewels twinkling like starlight thro' the delicate folds of her bridal veil, when a carriage and four swept up to the house. The bridesmaids rushed, in a body, to the little mirrors in the "drawing-room."

"There he is—that is Lord Gilbert—the tall slender one with black hair!" exclaimed the foremost. "Kate, do come here one moment. Why! where has she flown to?"

Poor Kate—she had taken advantage of the confusion and had stolen into the garden, that she might have one moment of solitude before her destiny was sealed for ever. She hurried forward to the fountain, and threw herself on the bench where those dear, dear, music lessons had been given.

The place had been neglected of late; the fountain was half choked up with leaves, and the rosebushes were drooping and out of blossom. Every thing looked desolate; but the heart of the poor bride was most desolate of all. She leaned her cheek against the rough trunk of the elm and, burying her face in her hands, abandoned herself to sorrow. She was sitting thus, with tears trickling through her slender fingers, and falling unnoticed on her bridal dress, when a hand was laid softly on her arm, and a familiar voice pronounced her name.

"That voice—it went to her heart like a gush of music. She looked up, and, where she had dreamed of her presence, with scorn and anger, was standing by her side. She forgot her engagement—her pride, every thing—in the dear consciousness of his presence, and sprang to his bosom as joyfully as a frightened bird flies to its nest-hole in the green leaves."

"My own sweet Kate!" whispered the youth, laying his palm, caressingly, on the warm cheek, whose frown was nestled in his bosom. "Look up, love, and say that you forgive all the sorrow and anxiety I have occasioned you."

Kate's arms tightened about his neck, and she murmured, in a soft, happy voice, "I forgive all, every thing, only say that you save me from this marriage."

"And has it never occurred to you that you may have been deceived? that your affianced husband, may have sought to win the heart before he demanded the hand of his fair mistress; in short, that the humble music-master and Gilbert Foster may be the same person? Nay, struggle not to free yourself from my arms, sweet bride. Is not your lover the same, in all things, as when he was used to set your lute quivering with his unskillful hands?"

"Can this be sober truth?" murmured the young girl, doubtfully. "What, you so kind, so gentle and good—Can you be the proud, fastidious Lord Gilbert whom I so feared? Indeed I cannot understand it!"

"Do not try, love. Remember we have a whole life time to explain it. Let us go to the house now, the bishop is waiting. Do not tremble—there is nothing so very terrible in the ceremony!"

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now," whispered the happy Kate, and Lord Gilbert drew the bride over his shoulder, and, raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

administered, he survived, notwithstanding his life was despoiled of for a number of days. This took place in the day time, and in the presence of one of her Majesty's representatives, Justice Short, and Lieut. of the army, who both declined interfering in the matter. The collector, Mr. McMahon, who is a magistrate, and Justice Short, were both applied to for warrants against the intended to be murderers, but no satisfaction could be obtained from either, and had it not been for Justice Steel, of Colbourne, who deserves great credit, no notice would have been taken by the authorities of the outrage. These are the facts, which the writer says he well knows, and which can also be substantiated by affidavits.—*Boston Post.*

The Spirit Of The Age.

To check ACQUILLUS and to rescue TRACY.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 12, 1841.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

It seems pretty well settled, now, that the Patchogue democracy of the country will call an extra session of Congress. A few of the party, under Mr. Wise, object, it is true; but their objections will be of little avail. The old federalists will carry the day; an extra session we must have. The people can begin, by this time, even, to catch a glimpse of the scenes enacting behind the curtain, and can determine, somewhat, if they will, with what honesty and for what purpose the party who are now in every sense of the term, derivative and conventional, the real *Loco Focos* of the country, set up the charge of wasteful extravagance against the administration of Mr. Van Buren.

The "Retrenchment and Reform party," as the federalists have called themselves, declare that we are in debt to the amount of millions; that the National Treasury is bankrupt, and that it will require the most rigid economy to sustain the Treasury, and in the next breath advocate an extra session of Congress to add a few millions more to the embarrassments of the Treasury! which, as they say, falsely, exist. This is retrenchment with a vengeance.

Any man who is not blinder than a beetle and more stupid than a sloth, can see that the reasons assigned by the federalists for calling an extra session, are like their reasons for a change of wheel. They must have one to put the ponderous wheels of the Tippecanoe administration into operation. Old Tip, or if that be disrespectful, Mr. Old Tip is not to be a candidate for re-election. The great care and exclusive aim of his administration is to be, a preparation for the succession, in the person of Henry Clay. The Patchogues, under the assurance that he too is to be elected but once, if he can be elected at all, and that their great head and front, Daniel Webster, shall succeed him, have agreed to bend all their power and influence to secure the triumph of the Heir Apparent. Four years will be a short period to put all their plans in operation. Not a moment is to be lost, and the people must sustain a tax of millions, to defray the expenses of an extra session for no other purpose whatever than to enable Clay to arrange his plans for the next campaign, and secure the succession which has been promised him.

Does this look like the retrenchment which the clericalies have promised to institute in the administration of the Government? Does this look like the opening of an era of Reform?

THE PRE-EMPTION DEBATE.

The discussion on the important subject of the pre-emption rights to settlers on the public lands, is one which will be read with profound attention, not merely by the inhabitants of the New States and Territories, but by the people of the United States generally. It has been truly and literally a debate between FEDERALISM and DEMOCRACY; the principles brought into discussion being entirely such as discriminate and identify the two parties. This appears throughout the whole debate, and more especially in that part of it which relates to the exclusion of foreigners from the rights of pre-emption in the public land. The federal gentlemen see the greatest danger to the public liberties from permitting a foreigner to have the privilege of settlement and purchase of 160 acres of land in the remote settlements of the West; but they see no danger in permitting foreign bankers and capitalists to hold millions of stocks and personal estates, and to wield a vast power over the commerce, the money market, the politics, the elections, and the legislation of the U. S. States. These federalists, who are for preventing a German emigrant from owning 160 acres of land in Illinois or Missouri, for fear of his foreign principles and attachments, are entirely in favor of the misallied Bank of the U. S. States, two thirds of which is owned by foreigners, and which Bank is a great political and moneyed power in the hands of the federalists themselves, and at the bottom of all the frauds and corruptions in the elections, and all the suspensions and non-resumptions of the banks, and all the convulsions in the money-market, and all the derangements of business which have distressed this country for many years past. They are not afraid of this foreign bank, weighing 25 millions of capital, and holding on its ledger as many as 60 members of Congress at a time, and its long list of editors, and its train-band Hessians to invade neighboring states with their false votes at elections; they are afraid of nothing of all this; but a solitary foreigner, clearing a little field in the depth of the Western wilderness, is to them a most alarming and dangerous object! The debate to which we refer, has illustrated this feature of federalism, and we invite the entire democracy of the Union to read it attentively. We beseech them to consider this debate as not a small question of local interest to the west, but as a great question of principles—as showing the difference between democracy and federalism—as showing the restored federalism of 1840 to be exactly what the old alien law federalism was in 1798. This is the great point of view in which this debate should be viewed; and we therefore recommend the perusal of it to the democracy of the Union.

The old federal feeling against aliens which characterized the administration of the first Adams, is sprouting up among the new dominant—we might say domineering—dynasty, that comes in under General Harrison's black cockade, with astonishing vigor. The old root, dormant so many years, which, in the beginning, would have excluded "odious" emigrants, as alien enemies, from foothold on our soil, shoots up a prodigious growth of overshadowing Upos to poison our very air and earth to every thing *exotic*. The attack has been made on the right of the emigrant from abroad to acquire, by purchase, title to the land settled, im-

proved, and built upon by him, upon the condition of other purchasers. This disabling of alien emigrants was urged and argued by Mr. Crittenden with extraordinary perseverance and skill, mingled with bitter sarcasm. He was met at every point and foiled by Mr. Buchanan, whose consummate debating powers, admiral equanimity of temper, liberal and comprehensive principles were never more happily exhibited. Mr. Crittenden being finally put *hors du combat*, by the discussion and vote, Mr. Clay entered the field in a general attack upon the pre-emption bill; and, in his speech assailed the right of the states to admit foreigners to the elective franchise by constitutional provision or otherwise.

Mr. Wright applied to Mr. Clay on this point, with his accustomed clearness and power. He showed from the Constitution of the United States, that to the states was reserved the whole authority of prescribing the qualifications under which "the people" should exercise the right of suffrage. Mr. Clay resolutely combated the position that alien emigrants were such people as the states, on establishing a Constitution, could recognize as capable of admission to the elective franchise. It is proper to observe that the same question was made by Mr. Clay's side of the House, on the admission of Michigan into the Union, when the objection was taken to her Constitution, that *every free white male*, having obtained the age and residence required, was permitted to vote. This objection was overruled by Congress at that time; and Mr. Walker of Mississippi, showed that the Judiciary had passed upon it in some of the States, and had decided that emigrants were people, in the sense of the Constitution of the U. S., and might receive the elective franchise from State authority, if it chose to confer it.

THE LAST KICK.

On the 4th inst. the *Great Regulator* again shut up its doors. It failed at 2 o'clock, p.m. on a check for \$100,000, which was offered and protested.

If, by this, the people are not convinced of the inefficiency of the U. S. Bank to perform the functions which the federalists chartered it to perform, and which it has always been said it could, but never did perform, then, are they beyond convincing. It has already been urged that this was only the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania, and that from its operations we cannot fairly decide upon the power and ability of a National Bank. But it should be remembered that Mr. Little publicly declared this institution, by its charter, to be on a better footing than the old National Bank, and that the people could rely even more explicitly and confidently upon its operations than they could upon those of the old Bank! and here it lies—a corrupt mass of speculation, intrigue, bribery and broken promises. What will the federalists tell the people now, that their Dagon is dead? Where is that confidence which was to come along with the election of Old Tip; which was to come as sure as his election, and which, begging pardon for quoting Scripture on such an occasion, was to restore all things?—How happens it, when all the pecuniary embarrassments of the country, and the failure of all the banks was occasioned by Martin Van Buren, and when his defeat and the election of Old Tip was to set all right again, fill the pockets of the people and the vaults of the banks with specie, at the accomplishment of these results, when the respondent sun of Tippecanoe is blazing his vivifying rays into the very bosom of commerce, agriculture and manufactures, that the face of the great God of their idolatry is black and writhing with the throes of death? Where is the giant energy, the superhuman genius of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too?"

The arm of the man who gave his horse to a Methodist minister; whom Providence, as the federal papers say, endowed with such a *potent* energy, as to be able to save his life by a leap of sixteen feet into the "blimitable air"—is paralyzed!—Why is it not raised on high to ward off the dreadful blow? Alas! alas! how are the mighty fallen—fallen.

This subject however is one of great moment to the people. They cannot but see the utter worthlessness of a U. S. Bank as a regulator. They cannot but see distinctly, the great humbug that has been flitting before their eyes and drowning in their ears. Let them learn from experience, and not deny the evidence of their own senses.

JUST RIGHT!

"Hay is up!—Produce is up! The consumers 'swear terribly!' All right! We say to the farmers, make these fellows fulfill their promises.—They promised you an enormous increase upon the price of your produce if Old Tip was elected. Put it up! Make them stand it! Don't flinch a hair! It is nothing more than they promised you. Let them sweat! Make them stick to their agreement if it take the bowels right out of them."

DON'T FORGET!

That the people have been promised *exactly* times the moment Old Tip was elected!

DON'T FORGET!

That the farmer was to have double the price for his produce, if he would aid in the election of the hero of Tippecanoe!

DON'T FORGET!

That the poor laborer was to receive double the amount for his labor, under Harrison, that he did before—that the poor man was no more to be pressed and troubled for money.

DON'T FORGET IT!

The *Watchman*, speaking, a week or two since, of the vote passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States, calls that vote "a rebuke to the *Loco Foco* of Vermont."

By the article in the *Watchman*, the people are led to suppose that the Legislature of Pennsylvania is what the *Watchman* calls "Locofoco."

The vote on the passage of the bill stood in the Senate, for the resolution 21, three democrats included, 9 against it. In the House, for the resolution 52, including two democrats, to 42; a clear federal majority of 12, if the 5 democrats had voted with the party!

How powerful a rebuke the passage of a federal resolution, by a federal legislature of a federal State, may be to the democrats of Vermont, it is difficult to determine, as also in what that rebuke consists. Perhaps the organ of the PATCHOQUE (the Webster or old federal) DEMOCRACY can tell its readers.

It is stated that there are in London one thousand men, women and children, who get a living by ballad singing.—*Exchange paper.*

A greater number than that, in the United States, for the last few months have obtained their living by the same means.

"Come sis, stop pouting and tell me when your kitten talks French. I really wish to know."

"Do you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, when it is sick, or has a cold, it looks up into my face and says 'oh Kate, I ta'n't mew' (tant mieux.)"

The *Boston Weekly Magazine*, is a beautifully printed and ably edited paper, by E. A. Hall. A specimen may be seen at this office.

The conclusion of the whole matter, about the *twisted nut-cake*, is, that as nobody can win—there being no word in the English language that will rhyme with *silver*—we shall sell the same at public auction, at a time and place to be specified hereafter, for the benefit of the *Great National Tippecanoe Temperance Society*.

MR. EASTMAN.—Please give the long-promised story and less of the nut-cake, and you shall have a *turn-over*, in due time.

Well, sis, dearest, we take you at your word. You shall have the story next week. So send along the *turn-over*, mind that, now.

There is to be a Grand Tippecanoe Ball given in this city, on the 4th of March. The greatest excitement exists upon the subject of our receiving a card.

The *Patchogue Democracy* (the old federalists) are out pell-mell against us, while the *Ashlanders* (Clayites) say they are opposed to all such proscription. How the matter will terminate, it is difficult to tell. The managers, we understand, hold a meeting some time next week to talk over the matter. We shall send our devil in to see to the matter.

The *Ladies Companion* for February is received. We like the number. It contains an engraving, the subject from Burns' "Rigs o' Barley," and several fine pieces of prose and poetry. We like "Old Nat," by F. C. Thomas, and one of two pieces of poetry by Park Benjamin. By-the-way, we wonder if Mr. Benjamin ever saw a series of poems, published some years since, in the *American Traveller*, entitled "A Lover's Lays?"

There are other good articles in the *Companion*.

We have received a card to the GRAND MUSICAL BALL, that is to be played off at Lebanon on the 12th inst. The managers no doubt, and very properly too, count us among the great musicians of the day. We reckon we make about as much music in our way, with our instrument, as the fattest of them. We can *push* *he-he* along as well as any other man, and though we can't make our elbow fly like a *weaver*, yet we'll give a *bond* that we never run against a *post*, flounder in a *marsh* or get 'bound prentice to a water-man.'—Give beam! We are "levery inch a king."

A Justice of the Peace, in Baltimore, brags that he has married a thousand and one couple in his life. Now, your honor, we have married as many couples as that, just bating the thousand.

We acknowledge from F. F. Merrill, Esq. Clerk of the House of Representatives, the reception of a copy of the Journal of that body, of the last session.

A good article will be found upon our first page upon the subject of education.

QUIET WORK.—They have a swift way of doing things in old Vermont. In a corner of a certain paper published up there we find the following notable notification:

"The Spirit of the Age will be furnished to mail and village subscribers at two dollars a year, with-in six months."

Do tell now, Eastman, how you manage to do it so werry quick.—*New Era.*

The people "in old Vermont" think it a greater treat to get the *Age* once "within six months," than some other papers we know of, once a day. There! run along child—it's school time.

Col. Green seems to be a perfect adept at manufacturing shirts. We should like to have him inform us how to make a shirt—when we have a note to pay.—*Spirit of the Age.*

We will tell you how to make one, Eastman.—Borrow words as much as you have promised on the face of the note, and then d'